

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

A Soldier's Secret.

—BY—
CAPT. CHARLES KING.

CHAPTER VII. Continued.

And now the last of the blue column has passed through the western gate, and a throng of comrades' faces after, every man in the garrison, not otherwise on duty, trudging down through the mist and mud to see Herbie's battalion to the waiting train. The guard springs to arms and falls in line—the guard woman Browster was to have relieved at eight a.m.—and again the major lowers his sabre in acknowledgment of their salute, and so, down the winding road, tramp, tramp, steadily, cheerily, even joyously, they go, and the broad parade above is silent and deserted. Women are sobbing in one another's arms, and Mrs. Berrien, seated at an upper window, looking out to the west, is stroking Winifred's glassy rippling tresses—Winifred, who, kneeling, has buried her tear-stained face in her mother's lap. Fainter and fainter the martial strains come floating up from the western valley. The band is playing another quickstep now, its prelude full of aim and life and spirit, and the mother's face is lit up. She has possessed the leader! Listen! Listen! Winifred raises her head and looks out instant with dilated eyes into her mother's pallid quivering face, then covering her ears with her slender hands, burrowing again into her mother's lap, she bursts into a passion of tears. Listen, sweet, soft, sad, the beautiful notes of the tarantule lullaby old song are wafted up on the gentle breeze, "Good-bye, my dear, my dear, my dear, how many a world-worn, weary yearning soul, has it spoken."

Have not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay, is too much for the mother's heart. Brave, self-controlled, uncomplaining as she has been through it all, this test is beyond her strength. Down comes the widow with a sudden dash, and then, with a gasp, she clings to her breast, clasping her in loving sheltering arms, the mother's heart is aching, the sorrowing wife's head, and rocking to and fro in wordless grief, mingling her tears with those of her beloved daughter.

Cheer upon cheer comes swelling on the morning air. Cheer follows cheer as Herbie's men return the soul-stirring soldierly cheer-by-Bye. Gaudious waves from the thronging battalions. Brouzed faces peer from every window. Hats and forage-caps are tossed on high. Men rush along the street, every slowly-moving train for one last hand clasp of the departing comrades. The echoes ring to the rolling notes of their own marching. The trumpet sounds the answer from the crowded ranks. The sun bursts through the eddying mists and shines in glorious radiance on the scene. All here at the station throbs with soldier song and spirit and enthusiasm; but above the noise and the noise, and the noise, one poor wife is weeping over three little curly heads pillowed in her straining arms, there comes a sound of sunshine, triumph, no echo of soldier song, but the stirring music played the swiftly speeding train, but all is dark and desolate now where gladness reigned but a day ago by.

CHAPTER VIII.

Letters from the front! What joy and comfort they bring! For every writer seems bent on convincing the anxious one at home that there is no danger and little discomfort after all. Telegrams and brief notes have been raining down since the departure of the regiment, but now the two battalions are re-united under Farquhar's command they have got shaken down into a species of routine, and now the goodly number of comrades troops and troopers from the threatened department. The weather had not been unusually severe thus far. Men and horses stood the trip admirably, and nobody growled at stiff fingers and red noses, and numb feet as they rode in long columns from the railway to the agency, and now that fuel has been lugged up in abundance and fur coats and "bizzard coats" are on hand, and the Indians hovering about the camps seem deeply impressed with the numbers and readiness of the white soldiers, and all promises well, the letters grow longer and more frequent.

"We are doing first-class, boss dear," wrote Herbie, "and all are hopeful that with the surrounding of the big band of hostiles in the Red River Valley the most uncertain feature of the business is at an end. If they can be quietly herded in to the reservation and induced to give up all their arms and powder, there will be no further trouble. The health and spirit of the regiment is excellent, and while I hope no emergency will arise, I can bet that there should be a shiny day the twelfth with a good account of fight. Farquhar keeps us on the alert, and there's no resting. Gorham has joined from leave, so that I doubt not, has had to fall back to second place. He and Kate ate about the only soldiers who were in the command, and of Brewster I see very little. Ever since the episode of which I told you and her, she has been a little more than a depa in town while we were being switched to the north-bound track I have not felt like having anything to do with him. How do you like the change of our move since she left the hop before any one knew of it? There were a few other ladies present, I admit, for the first time, with us when the order came, and it had cleared by the time we reached the depot. She, however, seemed to hang on to him to the very last, and nobody else. I am distressed at what you tell me about Winifred and the more I think of it the more I am disposed to regret that I did not accompany Miss Guthrie's invitation. It will be the very best antidote I know of, a few weeks in St. Louis society will do her good, and you fear, become interested in him, Go, by all means; it will do you good, Winifred, a world of good (get her some new gowns, take in all the parties and all the gaieties you possibly can) and it will be a good thing for Miss Guthrie, too."

"Now this is a pretty glorious, Holden is worried about her, and in course of a long talk we had she told me she showed me a letter just received from Mrs. Holden. Her husband is all upset by his leaving to take the field, and wants to leave the children with her mother and come to him here, but she couldn't be in the city, isn't a room to be had at the railway station. The place is just crammed with newspaper men, and quarter-master's people. Mrs. Holden writes that ever since the night of that queer adventure of her's at the depot, she has been hysterical at times. She will permit no allusion to it, and seems striving to forget it all. I gather from what Mrs. Holden said as you once surmised, there was an old affair which may have had something to do with her persistent refusal of every offer, but what that could have had to do with her fright at Pawnee I cannot imagine. Holden agrees with me, however, in it would be a capital thing if you and Winifred would pay my visit."

"By the way, I wish you would run over and see Mrs. Thorpe as often as you can. Her letters have a depressing effect on the Captain. He tells me she is only a housewife, but he has in all the world is in the Army Mutual, but three thousand dollars would hardly pay their debts and take care of them for a year. If any thing is to happen to him, don't be alarmed by newspaper stories of the lighted skies and howling ghost-demons. Indians will dance all night on any provocation, and our fires light the skies quite as much as their. Sergeant Ellis, who volunteered to push through with despatches to Buller's command, somewhere on the other side of the Bad Lands, got back all right this morning, and says he had hardly any difficulty in working his way through the hostiles. That fellow, I think, is going to make a name for himself in this campaign, he always ready for anything that turns up."

I hear that Browster and Ridgeway have had a row and do not speak. Some of the boys know what it's about, but they won't tell me. Do you know? Now unless you write to the contrary, I shall address my next card to Hon. Warren L. Guthrie, St. Louis."

(To Be Continued.)

William Westbury, a Torontonian, left behind from the rear end of a St. Anthony street car yesterday afternoon. Ten minutes in his search for a runaway, he was found when he reaches the Queen city.

RAINY DAY COSTUME.

Toronto Ladies Preparing to Wear the Outfit.

During her visit to Toronto this week Mrs. Jeanette Miller appeared, during her lectures, in the so-called rainy day costume, which is something like the above in appearance. An effort is being made to introduce the dress in Toronto. A class of missionaries has been formed to break the water for the more timid. When a sufficient number of names have been enrolled the brave soldiery will go in training for the campaign.



An outfit will be purchased by each member of the corps, drill and inspection will be held privately till success is assured, and then on some murky afternoon the streets of Toronto will present a sight that will make the first appearance of the Kilites look small and insignificant indeed. The occasion will not be marked by a formal dress parade, but in detachments of two and three will the brave recruits circulate in Toronto's fashionable streets. To tell the truth there is nothing very alarming about this costume, and no sensible woman need go into hysterics over it. In fact when we think of the modern bathing costume we can characterize the rainy day dress as nothing less than the acme of modesty. Its introduction ought to be a mild affair compared with the crinoline when it first appeared, or the inflated bustle when it first thrust itself before the gaze of the unoffending public.—Toronto World.

Keep Your Hands Nice.

Here is a sure cure for rough, red, hard hands. It comes from a woman who spent last summer at Warrenpoint, a famous watering place thirty miles from Belfast. "During the season Irish girls leave their chickens and cows and come to Warrenpoint to mind children for the guests. They are big, strong, merry-hearted creatures, green as the country grows, with pink like cream complexion and the most beautiful hands imaginable. I couldn't account for them because they were frequently misshapen and disfigured by ugly, often callous, like nails. The texture was superb and I made up my mind to get at the secret. Here it is: In every farmyard there are two bins, one containing bran for the cattle and the other oatmeal for the chickens. When the girls go to wash their hands in the pump and dry them in the chicken feed. The result is superb hands—smooth, soft and white. When I left the village I took away as much Irish meal as I could carry. Now I buy the stuff in the feed store and I use it. I keep it in a bowl in the bathroom: I wash my bony hands with a towel and dry them in the feed store. My hands are not soft—bones never are—but look at them!"

They were beautiful—smooth, warm, fine-skinned and as white as bread.

Red Hair and Freckles.

Science explains the phenomenon of red hair thus: "It is caused by a superabundance of red blood. This it is that imparts the vigor, the elasticity, the great vitality, the overflowing, thoroughly healthy animal life which runs riot through the veins of the ruddy-haired, and this strong, genuine animal life is what renders them more intense in all their emotions than their more languid fellow-creatures. The excess of iron is also the cause of freckles on the peculiarly clear, white skin which always accompanies red hair. This skin is abnormally sensitive to the action of the sun's rays, which not only bring out the little brown spots in abundance, but also burn like a mustard plaster, producing a crop, creepy sensation, as if the skin was wrinking up."—Analyst.

Clear the Ground Five Inches.

The English Short-Skirt League has taken an even more practical step than that of issuing rules of membership. They are publishing attractive designs for the gowns, and have decided to "clear the ground" to comply with the regulations of the society's pledge. The first thing that will be noticed about these gowns, or would be if one were to examine the real articles, is that each has a pocket. It is very clever of the organizers of this league, to take this time to advance their cause, for already in Paris walking dresses are being made short, dancing gowns barely covering the instep.—New York Sun.

A Big Diamond.

One of the finest diamonds in the world was found not long since in the Brazilian sands. It came in a novel form. A small quartz rock about the size and shape of an egg was found in the sands along the banks of the Amazon in Brazil. It was carried home by a Brazilian peasant, who was attracted by its old shape and light weight. One day, in handling it, he dropped it on a stone, when it burst open, and lay in halves. The hollow that gave the egg its light weight was filled with blood-red sand. In this sand lay the diamond, sparkling stone of rarest quality.—The Great Dilemma.

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

Anxiety is exhibited in many quarters about women who are striving for the higher education, meaning the education usually given to college students. What is it for? What will they do with it? What will they become? The professions are already full, even that of teaching, the least desirable, will eventually, at the rate of supply, be overworked. There are more women now who write than there are who can read discriminately. Why urge so many into the higher education, the college training, for which they will have to go through the world of marrying and baking and sweeping and keeping domestic establishments running, so little use? The question might be briefly answered to make them women. In detail it might be added, to make them more interesting women, better company

for themselves and for others, fuller of resources for a life alone or a family life, with an intelligent appreciation of what is going on in the world. To improve the tone of society is excuse enough for the higher education, even if it were not desirable that typewriters should be intelligent. And beyond the needs of society, can it be doubted that if all the intellectual generation were educated, capable of rightly directing the intellectual development of young men, the best generation would be a marked improvement over the present? The disappointment about this education arises from mistaken expectations. It isn't the office of education to upset society, but to make it better. The professions can absorb a limited number only. Society needs an unlimited number of highly intelligent persons.—Charles Dudley Warner, in the Editor's Study of Harper's Magazine for April.

WOMAN'S DOINGS.

Englishwomen's Work for the World's Fair.

The British Women's Handicrafts exhibits for the Chicago Exposition, says London Truth, include a low corner cabinet for the Princess of Wales, and covered with leather, and by her own clever hands. The Princess Victoria and Maud also send a large stool piece, carved by themselves and covered with leather of the best grain. These are to be sold for charity, and the Ladies' Committee have put on them a price of 100 guineas apiece. Truth continues: "A wonderfully carved walnut-wood bureau of burnished wood, with a very fine screen with painted panels, copied from one in the Tuilleries, and a fan with ivory sticks, exquisitely carved. The lady must be a marvelous versatile."

"The Ladies' Working Guild in the Brompton road has some very fine specimens of burnt-wood work, a bureau being especially clever, so much so that it will certainly be taken for marqueterie. The Hon. Mrs. Rowley's contribution is a beautiful pair of silver sconces in response work, some very fine specimens of brass repousse by other workers."

A WOMAN BLACKSMITH.

"We were delighted to see some nails, bolts, nuts and anvils, the work of a woman blacksmith, which are going to Chicago. A tremendous fuss over a woman blacksmith of her own rating, and we can now play a similar card of our own."

A WOMAN BOOTMAKER.

"The Hon. Sybil Amherst sends a pair of brown leather boots, made entirely by herself. This is an unusual accomplishment for a young lady."

WOMEN WOOL-WORKERS.

"Some of the Shetland wool work in the Scottish section is of the most airy lightness and delicacy. A most lovely screen is painted in flowers on white China silk. The refined loveliness of this screen is beyond description. The soft and dreamy are the tints of the flowers. It is a work of a Scotch lady. After examining it, the sight of some tartan stockings made by the women of Argyll was quite startling. make one first jump, and then laugh."

Spot and Pansy.

It is well known that all the simpler emotions of the human heart, such as love and hate, joy and sorrow, good-nature and anger, are common to us and to our animals, and that they are most plainly apparent in those that for a long series of generations have been admitted to the domestic companionship of human friends. Those who read the following short tale of Pansy's misfortune and Spot's contribution and grief, which was lately told in the New York Evening Sun, will surely admit that Spot deserved sympathy rather than censure.

"The wife of a government official in Quebec had a spaniel named Spot and a kitten whose flowerlike face gave her the name of Pansy. The two were great friends. Spot would take the kitten in his mouth, and gently roll her to and fro. One Sunday morning the two were at play. The dog was in high spirits and too rough, for, alas! when he let go of the kitten she did not scamper away as usual, but she capered about her, running backward and forward to entice her to play; but the kitten did not move. Then he turned her over with his nose, teased her with his paw; still she did not move. Spot then showed signs of great uneasiness. He would pause, then begin again, and coax her to get up. At length he seemed to realize that Pansy would never get up any more, and that he knew the meaning of death. With every evidence of distress he carried her to the side of the walk. Then he dug a hole, put the kitten in it, and carefully covered it with earth and went away."

"When the family came home from church they were surprised not to meet as usual by the dog and cat. A member of the family called from the window, where he had been watching the sad incident, 'Call Spot.' The dog was called, and came creeping on all-fours to his master's feet, where he lay, a spectacle of grief and quiet. 'Ask for Pansy,' prompted the witness. The question was asked, and the dog looked up in his master's face. The great moved down the walk to the newly-made grave, but the dog refused to follow, and crawled abjectly away. A few moves with a cane revealed the kitten's body. Spot was again cooled. He lay down, his head sagged along, and lay growling at his master's feet. No one could doubt the dog's anguish. It was not so much their duty to blame as to console him in his grief."

A Can of Monkeys.

A Bangor family recently engaged a cook, who was quite an artist with the kitchen utensils and the raw material at her disposal, although she was not on good terms with the cook books, being unable to read. She identified canned goods, for instance, by the pictures on the can labels, but once, at least, this did not work and the result was amusing. A can of delicatessen was brought to the house by the groceryman and it bore the well-known trade mark out of the monkey dallying with an coconut. When her gaze fell upon that can she was astounded. "Oh, for!" she ejaculated. "I have seen canned corn, canned peaches and most everything canned, but bless me if this isn't the first time I ever saw any canned monkeys!"—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Koch's Lymph a Success in Certain Cases. "I have for two years been making a series of experiments with Koch's tuberculin," Sanitary Councilor Thorner has declared to the Medical Society of Berlin. "Used with judgment, the lymph has proved to be one of the most efficacious remedies I have ever used in cases of consumption. I have not known a single patient in all my practice who has not escaped many serious features of the disease. I warn you, however, against indiscriminate use of the lymph, as, like other remedies, it is curative only in certain forms and stages of tuberculosis. My usual dose for a patient just beginning treatment is one-twentieth of a milligramme."

A Chafing Dish.

The chafing dish should be as much a part of the family life as is the tea tray. That is, of course, in those families where the chief object is to keep the lords of creation comfortable and happy, and consequently the mental sunshine undimmed. Many a man who did not want any breakfast, or who was out of sorts with his dinner, will fix himself up a savory mess in this convenient article and be happy again. A good chafing dish can be bought for \$3, or a very desirable substitute, little alcohol lamp, at 75 cents, with an agate-ware pan set over it. One of these will look very cozy opposite a smoking urn or coffee pot on the breakfast table.

WOMEN IN GOVERNMENT EMPLOY.

The advent of the "greenback" and the employment of women in Government departments at Washington were simultaneous. Both were due to necessity. One was the result of financial distress, the other was due to the lack of men applicants for minor clerkships during the war. At this time in the department of the interior a third of the employees are women, typewriters, bookkeepers, clerks, draughtswomen. They are paid from \$500 to \$1000 a year.

Mrs. Moran, who is the wife of the Indian Commissioner, receives \$1,000 a year, as his secretary, and it is said she "earns every dollar she gets." Mrs. Alice C. Fletcher, whose work as "special Indian Agent-in-the-Field" has not been surpassed by that of any man in a similar position, gets \$8 a day when at work. However, the man is given \$2 a day on account of his sex.

In the bureau of education women are employed as accountants, stenographers, and copyists at salaries ranging from \$500 to \$1,000 a year. In the census bureau the employment of women is not new, but are about the same as in the educational department, but the situations may not be considered as "branches" of the Government, for women are often succeeded by incompetent men. The reason of this injustice is because of the fact that the railroad is favored into this department more easily than into some others.

There are many women in the pension office. A patent office one woman receives \$1,800 a year and second third assistants draw \$1,000, \$1,400 and \$1,200, according to grade. It is admitted that women make exceptions, but they somehow do not get on the "list" of grade list.

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Children's Easter.

Breaks the joyful dawn, clearer yet and stronger; Winter from the world has gone; Death shall be no longer. Far away good angels drive Night and sin and sadness; Night awakes in smiles, alive With her dear Lord's gladness. Open, happy buds of spring, For the sun has risen! Through the sky sweet voices ring, Calling you from prison.

Little children dear, look up! Toward his brightness pressing; Lift up every heart a cup For the dear Lord's blessing. —Lucy Larcom, in Manford's Magazine.

The Bicycle for Women.

"Women do not value the wheel sufficiently, nor yet do they ride a bicycle judiciously," said Mrs. Mary Hopkins at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union last evening. "The benefits to be derived from fresh air and the proper expansion of the chest are not understood by the average woman."

Union underwear, equestrienne tights and an outer skirt sufficiently broad and flowing not to be awkward, is the attire that the speaker advocated for she would a wheeling go.—Boston Herald.

BIRTHS. JOHNSON—At 42 Duquesne street, on March 26, the wife of W. Hill Johnson of a son.

MCLAREN—At 189 Mance street, on Wednesday, 22nd inst., to Mr. and Mrs. H. McLaren a son.

MARRIAGES. ROBINSON-SAUDERS—At the Methodist church, at Shawbridge, Que., on the 28th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Wright, Percy Robinson to Caroline Scott, youngest daughter of John Saunders, of Shawbridge, Que.

LE MEASUREUR-PATERSON—The 20th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Robert Campbell, D.D., Thomas W. Le Measureur, eldest son of W. Le Measureur, Esq., to Miss Jenna Patterson, eldest daughter of John M. Patterson, Esq., all of Montreal.

DEATHS. MATHIEU—On Wednesday, March 22, Dr. Edmund Mathieu, dentist, aged 57 years, deceased, No. 235 St. Hubert street, at 8:30 a.m. on Saturday, April 1. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend. Burial at 9 a.m. on Monday, April 3rd, leaving the house at 2:30 p.m.

DAVOIN—In this city, on March 29, the wife of Antoine Davoine, Mrs. Davoine, at the age of 39 years. Funeral will take place from her late residence, 465 St. Lawrence street, on Saturday, April 1, at 8 o'clock sharp. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend. (Boston papers please copy.)

DE COU—On March 26, at 913 Dorchester street, Blanche, infant daughter of Douglas De Cou, M.D., aged 10 months.

WILSON—At 487 St. Urban street, Good Friday morning, March 31, Henry Otto Wilson, of the firm of Wilson, Esq., aged 41. Funeral from the St. Gabriel church, on Monday, April 3rd, leaving the house at 2:30 p.m.

THE CELEBRATED COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

is the most reliable and best in the market. Gives universal satisfaction. Ask your grocer for it and take no substitute. MCLAREN'S COOK'S FRIEND, the only genuine.

HENRY & N. E. HAMILTON, VICTORIA SQUARE. 1893. Spring Announcement. 1893. Easter Saturday till 9 P.M. for the Sale of Easter Gloves.

EASTER GLOVES.

Our Assortment of GLOVES comprises the very best makes and at lowest prices. See our Special Line of 4-BUTTON KID GLOVES, selling at 45 cents.

EASTER GLOVES.

The Largest, Best and Most Complete Stock of GLOVES, in every size, quality and price, from 75 cents to \$1.75.

GLOVE BUTTON GIVEN WITH EACH PAIR OF KID GLOVES DURING EASTER WEEK.

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EASTER MANTLES.

S. CARSLLEY'S COLUMN.

Our Store will be open until 9.30 Saturday Evening, April 1st.

Easter Glove NEWS. Given Away.

Tremendous Bottles full of Three Star Brand Eau de Cologne to be given away Free to all purchasers of Kid Gloves on Saturday, the 1st of April.

SATURDAY'S ATTRACTIONS.

NEW BLOUSES FOR EASTER. All this Week We Hold a

Mantle Bazaar

Which is proving a Great Success. As there is only a limited quantity of this High Class Perfume, secure a bottle by purchasing a pair of Kid Gloves at \$1.25.

New Capes

ON SATURDAY ONLY. The Saturday before Easter Sunday is the best Kid Glove Day of the year.

The Kid Glove Day of the Year

ON SATURDAY ONLY

Etc., Etc.

OF THE YEAR.

SEVENTY FIVE DOZEN PERRIN FRERES AND CO'S CELEBRATED "ELITE" BLACK AND COLORED LACED KID GLOVES, WORTH \$1.50 PER PAIR; FOR SATURDAY WE WILL
GIVE THEM AWAY AT ONLY 85 CENTS.

CHARLES I. MURPHY'S BANKRUPT STOCK of Men's Furnishings is being Sold at much Less than Manufacturer's prices.

This Store will be open till TEN o'clock, To-Night.

221 ST. JAMES STREET.

Toronto, March 31.—In compliance with the request of President Mills, of the Canadian Kennel Club, a meeting of the executive has been called for the evening of

expressed his intention of standing before Robert Fitzsimmons for four rounds, last night at Kernan's Monumental theatre. Warner was disposed of in one minute. Fitzsimmons tapped his antagonist lightly on the right side of the head with his left

ues for women. The guild keeps several women "tinkers" engaged most of their time. These persons are what their title implies - tinkers, at most anything that comes along. They make over carpets and lay them, mend curtains or draperies, remodel dresses, do family mending, etc. They also act as visiting housekeepers when desired, thus relieving a hostess of all responsibility while entertaining guests for several days. They include catering in the list of their accomplishments. There is room in every large city for women.

Toronto, March 31.—J. T. Dunning, a commercial traveller for Robert Darling and Co., fell off a trailer to-night and the wheels passed over one of his feet, mangling it terribly. He was taken to the hospital, and had not at midnight recovered consciousness.

SUPERIOR COURT, MONTREAL—No.
C 1195—Dame Ermiline Forget, plaintiff,
 versus Joseph Jerome Regimbal, laborer, of
 the city of Montreal, defendant. An action
 for separation to the property has been in-
 stituted in this case, on the seventh of March
 inst. Montreal, 20 March, 1893. **LAR-**
IVIERE & MASSON, Attorneys for plaintiff

ST. LOUIS HOTEL.
THE LEADING HOTEL IN QUEBEC.
W. C. O'Neill, - Manager.
Cote of St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal.

RED C. HENSAW,
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G. F. C. SMITH.
Chief Agent for the Dominion.
Sub-Agents :
RED C. HENSHAW, FRED NASH,
GEORGE C. HIAM, I. G. R. DRISCOLL,
Special Agent French Department,
CYRILLE LAURIN.

